

# TIRES! TIRES! TIRES!

A fresh stock of LIVE RUBBER standard make tires just received. Rubber deteriorates with age---why buy old tires, when you can get fresh tires at the same price.

## FULL LINE OF ACCESSORIES

We GUARANTEE our repair work.

Don't forget we sell Oldsmobiles, the car with the 20-year reputation.

Place your order now. Be sure of getting your car.

## Audrrin Service Garage

Corner Promenade and Washington St.  
W. E. Mitchell, Mgr.

### Groves Chapel Church

May 4th, Wilson Township.  
Officers: W. E. Edwards, Pres.; Edgar Berry, Vice-Pres.; Fannie Scott, Secretary.  
3:00 o'clock--Opening exercises, by Rev. E. L. Painter, Centralia, Mo.  
Appointment of Committees.  
3:15 o'clock--How Secure Attendance, by S. P. Cunningham, Mexico, Mo.  
3:35 o'clock--How Secure Teachers, by Rev. B. H. Heaton, Centralia, Mo.  
3:55 o'clock--Who is Responsible for the S. S., by Miss Ellen Carter, Mexico, Mo.; Rev. J. H. Hughes, Mexico, Mo.; and E. F. Elliott, Mexico, Mo.  
4:25 o'clock--Question and Answer Period, by B. A. Smith, Thompson, Mo.  
4:50 o'clock--Election of Officers.  
5:00 o'clock--Adjournment.

COUNTY COURT SELECTS JUDGES FOR HOSPITAL ELECTION MAY 16  
The judges and clerks in the election to be held May 16, 1919 for the purpose of voting on the additional \$40,000 bond issue for the completion of the Audrain County Hospital, were

## The Nash Truck

For Heavy Duty Service Satisfactorily Done

A one ton capacity, rear driven truck, a two ton capacity rear driven truck and the famous Nash Quad, which drives, brakes and steers on all four wheels, for heavy duty hauling, compose the Nash truck line.

The Quad, which has a world-wide reputation for heavy duty work made in successful service over a period of years, has been Nash refined and Nash perfected, until today it stands without a superior in its field.

The one and two capacity, rear driven trucks are as reliable and as efficient in their respective fields as is the Quad in the performance of its extraordinarily difficult work.

All three Nash trucks have many mechanical features which have been tried out over a number of years in the hardest kind of truck service, and have proved their worth beyond question.

Every other high-grade truck on the market has at least one of these good features.

## DOOLIN MOTOR CO.

One Ton Nash Truck on Our Floor Come and See it

### REPORTED DEAD JIMMY RODGERS ARRIVES SAFE

Once reported dead Jimmy Rodgers, of the 89th division, whose home is in this city, arrived home safely from France Saturday with his discharge from service. Jimmy is wearing two wound stripes as evidence of two machine gun bullets from the Hun which struck him in the abdomen. He has practically recovered from his injuries and looks splendid.

Jimmy was wounded in the St. Mihiel drive and only a short time after he had gone over the top. While overseas he saw Chas. Pigg, of this city, who is playing in an army band and who is expected home shortly. Jimmy says he is glad to be back as he doesn't think much of the European countries.

What the 89th did in battle: St. Mihiel--Captured 2,287 prisoners, 72 pieces of artillery, 96 machine guns, 1,000 rifles, locomotives, huge amount of ammunition and shells, and large quantities of food. Opposed and whipped two crack German divisions to a frazzle.

Lost in St. Mihiel--14 officers and 41 men killed, 177 officers and 802 men wounded.

In Argonne-Meuse--Captured 3,098 prisoners, including 78 Boche officers, 74 pieces of artillery, ranging from seven 1-pounders to twelve 7-inch pieces. Large quantities of ammunition, shells, food and trains.

Lost in Argonne-Meuse--29 officers and 771 men killed, 87 officers and 2,390 men wounded, 18 officers and 545 men gassed, 201 men missing in action--From official records of the division brought home by Maj. Gen. William M. Wright, commander of the 89th Division in its battles, as the division commander who brought the 35th home.

W. H. Morris, Judge.  
A. A. Hesterberg, Clerk.  
Gray Wilson, Clerk.

Canada  
M. T. Garnett, Judge.  
Stanley Palmer, Judge.  
Hume Long, Clerk.  
Finley Smith, Clerk.

#### Friendship

Chas. S. Turner, Judge.  
J. P. Duncan, Judge.

J. R. Brown, Clerk.  
T. M. Turner, Clerk.

Edwards  
Anthony Fennwald, Judge.  
T. B. Ham, Judge.

T. A. Brown, Clerk.  
J. M. Mills, Clerk.

Union  
A. Pittzer, Judge.  
Thos. Crum, Judge.

P. D. Riggs, Clerk.  
L. E. Crews, Clerk.

Burnham  
J. W. Walker, Judge.  
G. B. Stowers, Judge.

J. E. Wilson, Clerk.  
J. W. Brockman, Clerk.

Macedonia  
B. B. Littrell, Judge.  
A. L. Wainwright, Judge.

W. P. Proctor, Clerk.  
F. M. Owens, Clerk.

Farber  
C. J. Carr, Judge.  
A. T. Chase, Judge.

C. W. May, Clerk.  
D. D. Tanner, Clerk.

Martinsburg  
Joseph H. Fennwald, Judge.  
John Bunch, Judge.

J. F. Jacob, Clerk.  
T. P. Noel, Clerk.

Benton City  
J. W. Dowell, Judge.  
A. F. Romans, Judge.

J. F. Johnson, Clerk.  
Geo. Kellersals, Clerk.

Ladonia  
D. C. Hutton, Judge.  
M. L. Travis, Judge.

W. F. Shields, Clerk.  
J. A. Smith, Clerk.

Molino  
W. W. Wilson, Judge.  
Milt Householder, Judge.

J. E. Mundy, Clerk.  
J. P. Cauthorn, Clerk.

Thompson  
Chas. Householder, Judge.  
J. A. Surber, Judge.

Joe Considine, Clerk.  
Baker Barnes, Clerk.

Rowena  
J. J. Walker, Judge.  
W. F. Wiley, Judge.

J. W. Blum, Clerk.  
Clarence Berry, Clerk.

Gant  
B. A. Smith, Judge.  
Grover Sims, Judge.

V. V. Smith, Clerk.  
J. A. Given, Clerk.

Burke  
T. B. Henderson, Judge.  
Reed Burke, Judge.

R. M. Brown, Clerk.  
Neut Davis, Clerk.

Crow  
W. S. Barbee, Judge.  
G. R. Mosby, Judge.

Wilson Potter, Clerk.  
G. E. Tuggle, Clerk.

Naylor  
Judge Spurling, Judge.  
Harry Day, Judge.

J. W. Davenport, Clerk.  
C. J. Weaver, Clerk.

Black  
R. H. McClintic, Judge.  
Geo. Beedle, Judge.

Floyd A. Lewton, Clerk.  
J. F. Parker, Clerk.

Rush Hill  
Emil Feutz, Judge.  
J. H. Fairchild, Judge.

### SID HOUSTON TELLS OF FRENCH SIGHTS

Sid Houston who is located at Treves, France, writes an interesting letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Houston. He speaks of having had dinner with Carter Vaughn. Both Sid and Carter are former city editors of the Ledger. The letter follows:

Treves, Germany, April 6th, 1919.--This is a beautiful day, just like Spring at home. I mention this because until today we've had rotten weather with considerable snow. I hope this is the beginning of Spring here for I've had enough of the cold. I had dinner with Carter Vaughn today at one of the barracks in town. There are many boys from around home here and I see new ones every day.

Two weeks ago today (March 3rd) I went down to Nancy, in France, for some baggage which I took to Cologne. At Toul I saw Anderson Gibbs but only for a few minutes. I enjoyed my short stay in France very much as I prefer the French to the Germans in every way. At Cologne I saw Cave Johnson and we too the boat trip up the Rhine as far as Lorelei Rock. The day was rainy but it would take exceedingly bad weather to take away the beauty of the Rhine with its old castles and other interesting landmarks so full of delightful legend. A Y. M. C. A. man on board the boat explained the various points as we passed them and he appeared to know what he was talking about. One thing, the Konigstuhl, (my spelling in German may be incorrect. However this means King's chair) was especially interesting to me. The stuhl, a sort of a small stone padoga-like affair, stands on the river bank far from any city, but here the electors of the Holy Roman Empire, German nobles and bishops, met and carried on the business of this organization which some French cynic described as neither holy, Roman nor an empire. One of the castles, not far from this is another inscription, also in Latin, to father for these twelve knights Templars gave their lives defending it against one of the old French kings who was confiscating all property belonging to that order.

In Cologne is a small tablet in front of one of the churches with an inscription in French which Napoleon had placed there on his way to Russia for the campaign which ended so disastrously for the Little Corporal. His inscription reads something like this: "In memory of the victorious Russian campaign" with the date, 1812, I believe. Underneath by me" with the Russian name and French, which the Russian commander, who was pursuing Napoleon on the return trip, had put there. It reads like this: "Seen and approved office here and myself started for the date. A bit of irony I would say. Cologne was the birthplace of the author of "The Watch on the Rhine." I wonder if the old boy's shade is not somewhat shocked at the present.

Last Sunday one of the boys in the office here and myself started for Brussels in a Ford. The first night we stopped in Spa, a little town just over the Belgian border which was German General Headquarters during the last five months of the war and at present the seat of the International Armistice Commission. There I made one of the prize faux pas of my life. In looking for a hotel I went into one occupied by the German delegation where I was met by a boche general who informed he had no rooms for rent. I must give the old boy credit, though. He was very decent with me and spoke French far better than I did. I visited Hindenburg's chateau where the American Commission is living and saw the German C. C.'s dug-out which he had built below the cellar of the house. He was well fitted out down there, with an electric fan for hot weather and electric heater for cold, a telephone, electric lights and comfortable wicker furniture. The Kaiser's abri was not nearly so spacious but a little safer, I believe. I saw the hotel where the Kaiser abdicated and his chateau and that of the Crown Prince. People in the town told me no one was allowed on the streets and all blinds had to be down when the Kaiser or his infamous son drove through the town. Apparently they lived in continual fear of their lives. On our way back we stopped at Spa again and saw Marshal Foch and the German foreign minister, Erzberger, who was there to receive the Allies, ultimatum concerning the landing of Polish troops at Dantzig.

From Spa we drove through Liege, where the Belgians held the Germans at bay in the early days of the war and then on through Louvain. Here I saw my first evidence of German barbarism. Hundreds of buildings were torn down absolutely for no cause at all. What was once a thriving little city is now a mass of ruins except where the Belgians have begun rebuilding. The beautiful city-hall, a magnificent work of the old Gothic architecture, was not badly damaged. I am glad to say but a fine old church just across the street was completely demolished.

Brussels showed few signs of destruction and you can judge by the views I sent you it is a beautiful city. Always known as Petit Paris it is gay today than the famous French capital. The natives are delighted over their liberation from the Germans and the cafes are full, every night, of beautifully gowned women and well dressed men. You could never imagine Belgium as the poor, bleeding country we've heard about to judge by the capital city. The Palais de Justice is one of the most imposing buildings I've seen in Europe but the King's Palace doesn't strike me as anything extraordinary. The old palace, down in the lower city, across from the Hotel de Ville, where the Duke of Wellington was attending a dance on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, is an exquisite bit of the old Gothic architecture and is used for a museum now. It was here that the famous or infamous, according to one's views, Leopold made his home.

As you may know the Battle of Waterloo was not fought at Waterloo but at St. Jean, a small village very near Brussels. The battle is so-called because the Duke of Wellington sent his despatch telling of the victory from Waterloo, the closest post-office at the time. Waterloo is really about four miles away from the scene of the battle.

Brussels is really more up-to-date than Paris as far as I could see and the prices there for everything are exorbitant. However, I understand a person with money need not want for anything and my own experience showed me food was plentiful but expensive.

We are to continue publication until July, according to the latest information, and how much longer I have no idea. It was believed for a while we would shut down the last of April but G. H. Q. said "No." The division is at a port of embarkation now so I guess its too late for me to get back there. Such being the case I may get home by the late summer or early fall.

SIDNEY HOUSTON.  
Stars and Stripes, A. P. O. 939.

### J. P. JOHANSSON IS BACK FROM FRANCE

J. P. Johansson, a native of Denmark and for six years a citizen of the United States, has done his bit for America and for the cause of justice to be too, although like so many American soldiers returning from the Western front, he is backward about telling his experiences.

Johansson was employed in the Alfred Larsen Studio for a number of years and is an expert photographer. He was working in this capacity on October 4, 1917 when the first draft caught him. He spent some time in training at Camp Funston and on June 4, 1918 sailed for France. "Over There" he was assigned to the First Aid, a part of the Medical Corps. It was his duty to administer first aid to the wounded and to see that they were relieved of their suffering as far as possible. It was while administering to a fallen comrade that a high explosive struck him and cut him out of the rest of the fighting. By extra persuasion he has given some graphic accounts of the hardships and the bravery of the soldiers, touching on his own experiences.

After serving through the St. Mihiel drive, where he experienced two narrow escapes from death, Johansson's division was taken to the Argonne front. It was here that he was wounded on the first day of the last drive, November 1.

At St. Mihiel he tells of his escapes: "A comrade and I were shaving in our temporary quarters" said Johansson. "I had one half of my face shaved when a piece of shell struck against the wall just above my head, rebounding and striking me right between the shoulders, finally landing in a wash pan behind me. Of course the shell had lost its force when it hit me and it didn't pierce my flesh. My comrade turned to me and asked in a sort of whisper: 'Did that shell hit you?' I answered that it had and that we had better go below where we could at least finish our shaving.

"Again I remember of a shell explosion which almost got me. I was lying in a shell hole just large enough to hold my body and my feet were sticking out. Well the shell exploded, tearing up the earth around me, covering up my legs with the dirt and mashing my mess kit against my legs.

Speaking of the captured Germans Johansson declared that all he saw were lads in their teens and old men 60 years and even older. He was pitiful to see these brought in, he said.

"At the hospital" he said, "I noticed one slender German youth who was badly wounded. He gave his age as 19 but he didn't look a day over 15 years and he hadn't even started a beard. His face was as soft as a baby's." Here the speaker bowed his head for a moment as his thoughts went back to that scene in one of the army hospitals. But his face brightened, as he remarked: "But you should have seen how glad they were to be captured. They seemed as tickled as a little child would be over a new toy."

It was a high explosive that got Johansson at Argonne. "The fighting had been going on for some time," he said, "we had been ordered out and were just getting started, toward making the poor fellows as comfortable as possible. But they didn't give us a chance to do much, the shells were dropping too thick. A few feet ahead were a number of shell holes which made a sort of small trench. I was dressing a lad who had a big hole in his back and had just about finished my work when our officer told us we had better get under cover. Well, what was a fellow to do? I couldn't leave this fellow out there with my work only partly done. I knew it was dangerous and I didn't like these shells any better than the rest, so I called to one of my comrades who had found shelter, to come on and help me finish the job. Evidently he didn't like the idea much for he hesitated and I concluded to go ahead alone. I was kneeling on my right knee at the soldier's side when a piece of high explosives hit me. It struck me in the left thigh and lodged in the lower abdomen. I became numb in my lower limbs and must confess that I was afraid I had lost my legs. I was at first afraid to look at them but when I did glance down I was thankful it was not worse.

For four months and a half to the day I was in the hospital. They operated on me and I have the piece of shell." Here Johansson exhibited his watch chain which proved to be the shell that had nearly cost him his life.

Johansson is back in Mexico. He was hard at work Thursday afternoon when a Ledger representative saw him; back at his former position at Larsen's Studio as though he had never been to war or been so near to death.

A REAL PAINTER  
The head of our automobile painting department is a real painter and not a doober. Watch our show windows next Saturday for a specimen of his work. d&wt  
SMITH BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.

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A Big Whistle.  
A new whistle, bought for the Paris municipal power plant by popular subscription can be heard for 15 miles. The whistle is blown four times a day.

LEDGER CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

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A Big Whistle.  
A new whistle, bought for the Paris municipal power plant by popular subscription can be heard for 15 miles. The whistle is blown four times a day.

LEDGER CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

## Never Lay Up Your Car

There is no need to lay up your car just because your battery is discharged. We have just replenished our stock of SERVICE BATTERIES and have a size to fit every car. These batteries are not for sale but are made for us at our factory to be used on your car while we are recharging your car. This is only one of the many good points embodied in

## Prest-O-Lite

Service which is yours for the asking. Our service station is equipped to do first class repair work on makes of batteries.

Sunnen Motor Company  
Service on all Makes

Service on all Makes

### HON. C. M. HAY MAKES TALK ON LEAGUE

Honorable C. M. Hay of St. Louis made an excellent and urgent appeal in behalf of a League of Nations at the Methodist Church Sunday morning. In his opening remarks Mr. Hay said his subject should have been: "The Place of the Church in the League of Nations." Instead of "The Place of the Church in the New World Order."

"What is to be the new world order? What should be, must be the new world order?" the speaker asked. "The new world order must be organized for the peace of the world. Organized in the spirit of good will toward nations and upon the principles of justice.

"Speaking of actualities, this cruel and horrible war over; the bodies are lying in Flanders field where poppies grow as a sacrifice for what they believed right. The countless millions of wealth buried in ashes; millions upon millions of homeless, children and starving mothers beckoning to us across the seas for help; leads us to ask: Is this the fruit mankind must ever eat? Can we promise our children and our children's children nothing better? Or can we promise them a better and brighter day?

"Why are we here? Why did we have such war? Why? The answer is that the fruit we are eating today is the natural, eventual harvest of the sowing the world did decades ago. Agencies for peaceful settlement had seen it. There existed for the nation themselves individually, a sort of league. Each nation organized to protect its own life as best it could. Prior to 1914 there were formed several nations in a group to wage war or to protect themselves against war by other groups. But there existed no great league, no agreement or common understanding between all nations of the world for the purpose of peace and to stop wars. Each Nation was jealous of the other. It prepared to defend itself against the others. This state of affairs existed until finally one nation became so strong that she decided to, and did, make offensive war on other countries. They prepared to kill each other. One nation prepared on land and another on sea. Do you wonder this war resulted? This war was inevitable.

"There did not exist a common agency, not an international eye to restrain Germany's ugly plan. What are we to do, now that this war is over? What have we to promise our children and our children's children? If there be no other way than that resulting in the late war, I would rather take my three little children and lay them to sleep beneath the green sod. Life so mitigated is a failure. Life of hate is a life of Hell. What must be the new order? Unless we accept some sort of international plan, a league of nations, if you may please to call it, nothing can be done.

Mr. Hay said there were three plans which had been suggested: The first one was that one nation rule a dominate the world. "You would not agree to this, nor I. God help us from such a solution. Did not our boys give their lives, their youths; are there not today millions of young men, the flower of the land, lying cold beneath the sod in Flanders field, because they sought to save us from this curse? What would they say should we choose to follow this plan? Then all they have given would have been in vain.

"Another plan, the second one, would be to let each nation do as it pleases. This would create anarchy. With the present inventions and others that are rapidly being perfected, another war would result such as we have never known, such as we can not realize. A war, to which in comparison, the one just passed would be only a skirmish.

"The third plan which has been offered is the Balance of Power; a grouping of nations together. Letting the nations on this side be formed together as a balance against those on the other. This would simply be a rearranged plan that existed when the war was declared. But there comes a call from the boys over there, from those who have died, to find another way. Shall those who died and fought, laid down their lives, have died in vain? Shall our dear children and children's children be told that we have failed, though our boys have made the supreme sacrifice? Our boys didn't fail. Shall we fail?

"This is the question that must come to us today. There must be a League of Nations or some sort of organization for the nations of the earth that will accomplish two big things: First, the laying down of arms or the disarmament of nations. Second, the setting up of agencies for the peaceful adjustment of international disputes. In doing so this there must be a desire of peace in our hearts. There must be no jealousies and backed by the Church and those of Christian belief.

"The one way, speaks frankly and extends the hand of friendship and the other, the old way, speaks softly and carries a big stick."

Toward his closing remarks Mr. Hay said that the only fault he could find in the present League plan was that it didn't go far enough to his notion. He gave due and just praise to President Wilson and Ex-President Taft, in the part they have played toward bringing about a league of nations.

### MARCUS A. THOMAS DIES AT HOME OF HIS DAUGHTER SATURDAY

Marcus Thomas, 81 years old died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Squires in Mexico at 5 o'clock Saturday morning. The deceased suffered a paralytic stroke seven years ago and since then has been in ill health. During the last two weeks he had steadily grown worse.

Mr. Thomas was born in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. He came to Mexico 48 years ago and has lived here since that time. He was well and familiarly known in Mexico and Audrain county. Deceased was a member of the Christian church having united with this denomination when a young man. He leaves five children, Mrs. J. W. Squires, Mrs. Howard E. Arthur and Miss Beattie Thomas all of Mexico; Mrs. Harry Shaver of St. Louis and J. W. Thomas of New York.

Gross-Alsup Wedding Monday.  
Oscar Alsup and Mrs. Lucy F. Gross of Bloomington, Ill., were married by Judge E. A. Shannon in the Probate Court office about 10:30 o'clock Monday morning.

Mrs. Alsup was visiting her sister, Mrs. J. I. Webb north of Mexico and Mr. Alsup came over Monday morning. He is connected with one of the Bloomington papers and Mrs. Alsup owns one of the Bloomington Hotels. She is an aunt of Miss Edna Haller of Mexico.

LEDGER CLASSIFIED ADS PAY.

You can bake more and bake better if you use  
**I-H FLOUR**  
Delicious in Bread Biscuits Cakes  
Milled at the I-H Flour Milling Company, Kansas City, Mo.  
Try it.